

The Distressed VIRGIN; Or,

The false young-man, and the constant maid,
The Qualities of them both displaid.
To an excellent New Tune.



A Thousand times my love commend,
to him that hath my heart in hold,
I took him for my dearest friend,
his love I more esteemd then Gold:
When first my eyes did see his face,
and that my ear did hear his voice,
His love I freely did embrace
my heart told me he was my choice.

Had he still continued true,
and in perfection permanent,
Had he performed what was due,
then had I found true hearts content:
But he regardless of his vow,
which he to me did make before,
Hath thus in sorrow left me now,
my former follies to deplore

Would I had never seen those eyes,
that like attractive Adamants,
Did my poor heart with love surprize,
the power of love some inchant:
I have no power to leave his love,
though with stern hate he me persue,
To him I will most constant prove,
though he be faithles and untrue.

I put my finger in the bush,
thinking the sweetest Rose to find,
I prickt my finger to the bone,
but yet I left the Rose behind:
If Roses be such prickling flowers
they must be gathered while they be green
And he that loves an unkind love,
alas she rows against the stream,

Would he but conceive a right,
the grief that I for him sustain.
He could not chuse but change his spight,
to faithful love and leave disdain:
I love to have him still in place,
his too much absence makes me mourne
Yet he disdaines to see my face,
and holds my company in scorne.

It grieves my heart still sore to think:
that he whom I so dearly love,
Should thus with me refuse to drink,
yet can my passions ne'r remove,
Though he I know could wish my Death
so great is his inveterate hate,
Yet could I sooner lose my breath.
then see him wrong'd in name or state.

Till hap had I to come in place,
where first I saw his tempting look,
As soon as I beheld his face,
I Cupid's Prisoner straight was tooke:
And never since that fatal hour
have I enjoy'd a minutes rest,
The thought of him is of such power,
it never can forsake my breast.

Then was I struck with Cupid's dart,
then was my fancy captivated,
Then did I vow that still my heart,
should rest with him though me he hated:
Then did he make a show of love,
which did much more my heart inflame,
But now he doth perfidious prove,
and gives me cause his love to blame.

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Nay more he made a vow to me,
that I should be his wedded Wife,
And he forsakes me now I see,
which makes me weary of my life,
I little thought what now I find,
that young-men could dissemble so
Sure he is the falsest of his kind,
ill hap had I to prove him so.

Could any man be so hard-hearted,
to leave a harmless Maid in grief,
From me all comfort clean is parted,
unless his favour grant relief;
He is the man that bred my pain
he is the man whose love alone,
Must be the means to cure my pain;
or else my life will soon be gone.

O faithless wretch consider well,
that Heaven abhorreth perjury,
Great torments are prepar'd in hell,
for them that thus will swear and lye:
O hadst thou never made a show,
of love thou hadst excus'd thy blame,
But thy false heart full well dost know,
with oaths thy perjur'd tongue did frame.

That obstacle that hinders me,
is that which I suspect full sore,
His fruit is on some other tree,
and he is seduced by some whose:
Or else he hath some other Lasse,
perhaps like me a harmless Maid,
Whom he may bring to such a pass,
as I am brought by Cupids aid.

O heavens forbid that any one,
that bears an honest loving mind,
Should thus have cause to grieve & mourn,
at such a knave that shames his kind:
But why should I as passions move,
with bitter words upon him rail,
Whom I am ever bound to love,
until my vital spirits fail.

Sweet love forget my lavish tongue,
if I offend in any sort,
To recompence thee for the wrong,
I'll always give thee good report
Although to me thou art unkind,
who never gave thee any cause,
Yet I still resolved in my mind,
never to break Cupids Laws.

And if I never be thy Wife
which is the thing I justly claim.
I vow to lead a single life,
and never think on lovers game:
But why speak I of life when death,
doth every minute claim his due,
I cannot long detain my breath,
having a lover so untrue.

Let all true Lovers judge aright,
in what a case poor soul am I,
Come gentle death and work thy right,
for now I am prepar'd to dye:
O heavens forgive my love this wrong,
done unto me a Maiden pure,
Who for his sake must dye ere long,
/ for long my life cannot endure